

The Home Mission Journal.

VOLUME VI No. 11

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 16, 1914.

WHOLE No. 139

Who and What.

Very frequently it has been said to us that it matters little who our Lord Jesus Christ was but rather what He was. Indeed, it has been said that it matters not whether He really was at all as He is commonly believed to have been. We have his teaching, it is said we can look at a recorded example. Let us embody the one, let us seek to follow the other, and prebide both with the beneficent spirit that attended him like a benediction. Never mind who but consider well what. Just now, however, a book has been published in which it is said not what but who. "The ever-pressing question," Dr. S. D. McConnell says in his book called "Christ," "is not 'what is this Jesus which is called Christ' but who is He? What is he for? What does He signify to the world?" It is here that confusion reigns.

We suppose that Dr. McConnell is right in saying there is confusion here. There was at the first when Jesus asked His disciples, "who do men say that I the son of man am?" There has been ever since. Some have made him mere man and so have denied him of his power. Others, whether they have intended it or not, have so removed Him from the plane of humanity that they have severed the bond of sympathy binding Him to the race. There has been confusion; there is confusion here, and so to a greater or less degree spiritual disaster. But Dr. McConnell, is hardly equally right in saying the pressing question is not, "What is this Jesus?" This is a pressing question. Is our Lord what the Christian heart believes Him to be? Is He saviour, sanctifier, comforter? Is He the restorer of my spiritual life? Is he a help when human help fails? Is He hope from which radiates brightness for the future where all else is dark?

As a matter of fact we cannot separate the who from the what in the person of our Lord. What He is depends on who He is. The latter may have precedence but the former is ever close at hand and dwindles or enlarges as it is conceived aright. If our Lord is simply man, then farewell the redemption of which we have dreamed. If He was the son of Joseph as He was the son of Mary, then the supernatural vanishes from His life and personally He is no more to the world than Confucius or Buddha. If somehow He was not the son of God come into life for its regeneration then never was mirage more unsubstantial than the fabric of hope built up on Him. What He is then rests upon who He is and is subordinate to it only as that comes first in the order of precedence. By inseparable bonds they are bound together twin elements of basis and inspiration in the Christian faith.

The Supernatural Factor.

For a long time the most discriminating thinkers have clearly recognized that the fundamental issue between those who uphold the Christian revelation and those who refuse to accept it as an authoritative message of God to men is involved in the question whether or not there is a supernatural factor in Christianity. If the Christian religion can be thoroughly co-ordinated with a purely materialistic philosophy then the historical Christian faith will be emptied of that which has constituted its peculiar significance and power.

This is not because the supernatural factor in Christianity is the sole evidence of its divine origin, though many apologists consider it to be such. But the supernatural element is so woven into the structure of the Christian revelation that the fact of its existence underlies all the distinctive doctrines of the faith. The supernatural factor is itself the outstanding Christian doctrine. And we may say this without being in the least

fear of countenancing the exaggerated supernaturalism that finds a miracle the explanation of all difficulties or that seeks to inculcate a *tertium quid* of the Bible that the book itself does not make in its own behalf.

Take for example, such cardinal Christian doctrines as the nature of Christ. If we can explain the person of Jesus as the product of evolution or of historic forces, what right have we to assume that He is the last term in the series, or that there is any element of fidelity in His teachings or His work? The answer that we cannot conceive of anything beyond Jesus is simply an evasion. Our faculty of imagining is the most superficial test of reality. But the moment we explain Jesus with the author of the Prologue to the Fourth Gospel we occupy absolutely unimpeachable ground for maintaining the authority of His words and the success of His mission. "What difference does it make whether or not Jesus was a supernatural person?" asks some thoughtless objector. "Whoever He was, we have Him." Yes, we have Him, but if He is the Second Person of the Trinity then our whole relation to Him is shifted from our relation to a man of spiritual insight and genius to our relation to "God manifest in the flesh." The supernatural factor manifested in the incarnation lifts Jesus into the realm of the ultimate.

The most influential attacks upon Christianity and the Bible for the last half century have never yet really grappled with the question of the supernatural. They have adopted the easier method of assuming that any statement of events or any doctrine involving this feature was intrinsically incredible. That has been the assumption from the days of Strauss to the last volume of destructive criticism. What has been done by this long debate has been simply to show that in Christianity, divested of the supernatural, we have a religion that does not appeal to the deepest motives or meet the deepest needs of the human hearts. A religion that it may be well enough to live by, but it is not worth sacrificing greatly much less dying for. The denial of the supernatural gives us a faith that cannot in any sense be called ultimate. Religious discussion will soon revert to the correctness of the assumption that the supernatural is incredible. "That," someone will say, "is a conflict in which only scholars can take part. It will be a battle in the clouds." We do not fully accede to that statement. But, if it were true, we recall that a battle in the clouds at Missionary Ridge worked one of the crises in the redemption of the continent.

Some Satisfying Reasons

By Washington Gladden, D. D.

When you ask me what makes me believe that for me and for those whose lives are one with mine there is conscious life beyond the grave, I must answer that the reasons are manifold. It is, of course, a glorious hope, a confidence, a strong expectation; it can be nothing more. I have had no personal revelation about it, and should not know how to verify such a revelation if it were vouchsafed me. There is no demonstration of which I know anything.

With respect to the existence and the friendship of God, I believe that I may have something more than faith—experimental knowledge. When, through years of service, I have tested His fidelity; when I have habitually sought from Him wisdom, comfort, courage, patience, strength and have found what I sought, I may naturally feel that my faith in Him amounts to knowledge

—"I know of whom I have believed." But this assurance of future life cannot thus enter into my consciousness. I cannot experience it until I enter into it. It is confidence; it cannot be cognition.

My faith in the future is strengthened by the knowledge that it is not a solitary faith; that the most of my fellowmen share it with me. It seems to be part of that natural religiousness which belongs to humanity. And John Fiske's contention abides with me, that nature—if you choose to say nature—could not have developed such an organ of faith as this unless there had been a reality corresponding to it; any more than she could have developed an eye where there was no light, or an ear where there were no waves of sound. I cannot help feeling that all the larger interpretations of evolution make the future life probable.

More and more, however, I find myself resting on the sure word of Jesus the Christ. It seems to me that he is an authority in the realm of the Spirit. "Wherever I can verify His word I find it true." His might never fails; I have never found the slightest reason for believing Him to be mistaken in any clear pronouncement about spiritual things. And when He speaks with the utmost positiveness of the certainty of the life to come, I take His word with no misgiving.

Moreover, the assurance of the life to come seems to be a part of that faith in God's Fatherhood, which I have learned from Jesus Christ and which has become the very breath of life to me. I cannot understand how the existence of such a personal relation between myself and my Father in heaven as Jesus has taught me to cherish, can be consistent with the extinction of my being at death.

Stronger than all else, however, is the assurance that comes to me through living, in this world, the immortal life. There is a kind of life, which Jesus shows me, and of which the Spirit tells me, that ought to be immortal. "The glory of going on" belongs to it. If it did not continue, something would be wrong with the universe. When I live, as best I can, this kind of life, making the Spirit who was in Jesus my companion and counsellor, my hold upon the future seems constantly to strengthen. Then I can understand what Paul meant when he said: "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Columbus, O.

Personals.

Rev. E. L. Steeves, of Glace Bay, who is removing to the church in Sackville, was given by his old congregation before his departure an address and a substantial purse of money.

At the close of the service on Sunday morning, June 5th, in the Amherst church, the church by vote decided to extend a call to Rev. Suden Cummings to succeed Rev. W. E. Bates, who recently resigned the pastorate of that church.

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A record of Missionary, Sunday-School and Temperance work, and a reporter of church and ministerial activities, and general religious literature. Published semi-monthly. All communications, whether containing money or other news are to be addressed to

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Cunard Street, St. John, (North) N. B.

Terms - - 50 Cents a Year.

Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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CHAPTER VII.

HOW PRAYER SAVED THE SHIP.

After battling with winds and waves for many days—for the skipper of the *Glad Tidings* did not want to burn up his coal supply too fast, and so far as was practicable used sail power instead of steam—the American barkentine worked its way up the English Channel, passing on the way many a wheezy tramp steamer, stately man-of-war, or trim looking yacht, until it came to anchor at the mouth of the Thames.

The Hentons soon took a train for London, where they heartily enjoyed themselves for ten days, not simply seeing the sights of that great city but also making the acquaintance of experienced workers for men of all classes and nationalities, from whom they learned many facts useful for them to know in their own work for seamen.

Near the *Glad Tidings* as she swung at anchor at the mouth of the Thames lay an American training ship, and the crews of the yacht and of the man-of-war interchanged compliments in many ways. There were some earnest Christian Endeavorers among the apprentices and older petty officers, and good fousing meetings were held on the berth-deck of the man-of-war and on the main deck of the yacht. One week the officers of training-ship arranged an excursion to London and back for the young sailors, whose exemplary conduct both going and coming, received the warm praise of some English naval officers who marked their bearing. Henton arranged that his own crew should have shore liberty at the same time, and the two sets of American sailor-men got on finely together. While in London the Young Men's Christian Association of that city gave them hospitable entertainment at their headquarters, and directed them as to how to see the best points of London life. Work on both the training-ship and the yacht went easier for weeks thereafter because of these days of pleasant outing in the famous English capital, and the kindness shown by so many Christian residents to those strangers in a strange land.

One breezy morning the *Glad Tidings* hauled up its anchor which had been peacefully resting in the mud of the Thames for some weeks, and with a dip of its colors to the American training-ship—whose officers returned the salute with lifted caps—stood out down the English Channel. The yacht called at Portsmouth, where abundant opportunities were afforded to observe the methods of the English missionaries who were working there, through the agency of "Rests" and otherwise, in behalf of the men of the Naval service of whom the port was full. Another stop was made at Plymouth, and then the yacht, spreading its broad white wings to the freshening breezes, sped out past the Lizard and Land's End, and began rolling and pitching on the heavy Atlantic swells.

While crossing the Bay of Biscay, what seamen call the dirtiest of weather was encountered, and the *Glad Tidings* sometimes nearly stood on end and then again almost rolled its yards under. It bobbed about like a mere chip on the choppy waters, while some near-by "tramps" wallowed like lumbering whales in the rolling seas.

Henton felt in his element. He was a born seaman, accustomed to salt water all his life. He did not know fear, and spent hours at a time on the bridge, relieving his faithful watch officers, and managing the swaying, tumbling yacht with

a skillful hand. It was not long before all hands were sent aloft to shorten sail, but even when the barkentine was snugged down to a few bits of canvas, it surged ahead before the sweep of the northwester as though driven by all the winds that anywhere blow. Now and then some noble Peninsular and Oriental steamer, bound in from the Cape of Good Hope by way of the Suez Canal, would be passed, and the greatest interest was aroused when a fleet of British torpedo boats shot by, like racing sharks, for whose officers and men Grace Henton, as she looked out from the cabin window of the deck-house, felt the sweetest pity—so intense were the strain and the discomfort to which she felt they were subjected.

At last Cape Finisterre was rounded; and after awhile, through smoother seas, the course was laid around Cape St. Vincent and not very long after the Strait of Gibraltar—the gateway of the broad blue Mediterranean—was entered.

It was a relief to Grace to have the deck of the yacht now anchored under the historic old rock, steadily once more as a parlor floor. The natty craft, nestling close up under the lee of a ponderous British man-of-war, lay securely swinging at its moorings under the protection of the beetling cliffs and frowning battlements of the grim old hill for whose possession and defense great Britain has expended so much blood and treasure. It filled Grace with awe to look up at the mighty rock, honeycombed with hidden galleries concealing murderous engines of war, and to think of all the history that was stored away in those cliffs, and of the mighty, far-reaching power of the British Empire of which that fortress was a silent, majestic symbol. At any moment, if occasion called for it, from that rock huge rifled guns might belch out a fiery destruction to all vessels lying anchored at its base—or even steaming by in the farther distance. "So much will men do," thought Grace, "in order to destroy their fellow-men; how few there are who will take equal pains that they may save their fellows, made like themselves in the image of the Almighty God!"

At Gibraltar there were numerous opportunities to go ashore, to ramble about the town, and even to pass through some of the winding lanes in the fortress, though it was by no means possible to proceed at will in every direction, for here and there the glistening bayonet of a sentry suggestively forbade further exploration.

While the *Glad Tidings* lay off Gibraltar a United States troop-ship dropped anchor in the harbor, much to the surprise and pleasure of the crew of the yacht. Henton lost no time in going on board, where he paid his respects to the commanding officer, who proved to be an old friend of his father, and also offered his services in any way he could be of use to the soldiers on board the transport. He was cordially received, for all Americans abroad, when their paths cross, draw together under the folds of the flag where ever it floats, and some of the younger officers of the Thirtieth Infantry, whose regiment was bound to the Philippines by way of the Suez Canal, found much enjoyment in visiting the yacht, where they were delightfully entertained by Grace and her brother, though the repasts which were bountifully spread for their refreshment were conspicuous by the absence of all intoxicants—a feature which the young soldiers seemed not at all to miss, so hearty and sincere was their entertainment otherwise.

(To be Continued.)

From Bro. Ervine.

Our brother has lingered beyond all expectation, his suffering apparently increasing as the end draws nearer. Yet he has been graciously upheld while longing to depart and be at rest. We subjoin a recent note received.

HEMET, California, May 17, 1904.

Dear Brother:—

I am just in receipt of your recently written letter which has brought cheer to my hungry soul. Oh, dear brother, how tired I am, now six weeks in bed. How I long to be free from this sore tiring cough, and almost constant distress in my lungs and stomach. But the time is drawing nearer; each day brings me one day nearer home. I am happy in the blessed prospect

of being absent from the body and present with the Lord. Although he is present with me in all my sufferings by day and by night, yet when I look forward to the inexpressible joy I shall with the ransomed share I can rejoice in hope of the glory of God, forever set free from all earthly worries and physical suffering. I feel a bit impatient by times, but I know very well his grace which saved me twenty-five years ago, and has kept me all this time, is sufficient for the last declining days and hours to preserve me to the end. Praise his dear Name.

I trust the students may be wonderfully blessed during the vacation season in helping the churches and in turning souls to Christ. Dear Bro. Hayward is truly a good man and useful in the Lord's work, whether in the pastorate or in evangelistic service. I am glad to hear that you are much stronger. As to the Baptist union I trust it may speedily come about. If so it must result in God's glory and salvation to many precious souls. And now, dear brother, I am so tired I must close. Love to all.

Your brother in Christ,
S. D. ERVINE.

Rev. S. D. Ervine.

Since the above correspondence was printed a note has been received from Miss Ethel Harman, a niece of our esteemed brother, who has been with the family in California. In it she says her uncle passed away at Hemet, May 28. He was buried the following Sunday, and the funeral service was conducted by Mr. Mark B. Shal of San Bernardino. To the family of our departed brother we tender our heartfelt sympathy. A fuller sketch will appear later.

Personal.

Rev. E. L. Steeves, well known to many of our churches, has been called to Middle Sackville, as the successor of Rev. A. T. Robinson. Bro. Steeves preaches his farewell at Glace Bay, his former pastorate, June 6th. We trust much blessing may come upon this field through our brother's efforts.

The Foreign Mission Band at its recent session appointed Miss Alberta M. Parker as missionary to the Telegus. Miss Parker is the daughter of Rev. D. O. Parker, and studied at Acadia. She especially excelled as a linguist and comes with the highest testimonials. During the last few years she has resided at Melrose, Mass., where she has been employed in an office as typewriter. Her pastor, Rev. A. E. Scoville, speaks of Miss Parker as one of the most spiritual workers in the Baptist church in Melrose, and warmly commends her application.

Rev. Wylie H. Smith, has resigned at Florenceville, Carleton Co., and expects to close his labors with the churches there in July.

Rev. J. W. Keirstead, the pastor of Campbellton has taken his wife for treatment to a hospital in Montreal. An operation had to be performed for the removal of an abscess, which had assumed an alarming character.

Pastor Bynan has been giving his people a farm sermon. Each year at about the same season our brother has publicly announced a discourse of this character, drawing many wholesome lessons from this most useful occupation. Catholics as well as Protestants come out to hear a little practical wisdom, and with it also the full gospel from the inspired word, which our brother preaches with no uncertain sound. Perhaps other brethren familiar with the sea, or forest, or mines, could in like manner give many practical talks illuminated by the Spirit of truth.

Don't forget the little things, dear, and the big ones will take care of themselves. I have seen much of men and manners in my life, and they have taught me that it is the small failings, not the big faults, which are deadliest to love.—*Ellen Glasgow, in the Deliverance.*

Among Our Neighbors.

One of our young men who has taken a pas-
sionate in the United States writes of the spiritual
outlook there:

"The demands on a minister's time here are
continuous and enormous. And yet the ministry
today is not beginning to accomplish what it did
one or two generations ago. The pastors work
twice as hard and do not have nearly as much to
show in return for their work. They make me
think of the disciples at the base of the mount of
transfiguration—lots of effort being made, but de-
moralized humanity none, or at least very little,
the better for it all. And yet the fault does not
lie altogether with the ministry. Like people
like priest. The people are filled with unbelief.
It is an earth-bound life that they are living, and
the unseen verities have no power of appeal.
Revelation is discounted; speculation is enthroned
in its place. Secularism has honey-combed all
religious thinking. Christian experience is re-
garded as a mere hallucination, an old-time ser-
mon on the witness of the spirit to the believer's
heart, that one time would have started the
fountains of experimental joy, and made God's
people feel, if not sing forth their hallelujahs
would be regarded as a kind of pulpit curiosity
in these days.

When I think of pulpit victories such as used
to be scored by men like yourself and Thomas
Todd, and the Crandalls, and Hardings and
others of similar faith and power, I cannot but
ask, *Where is the Lord God of Elijah?* Some say
that these days of such power and results are
forever past. Alack a day, if that be so. But
I cannot think they are forever so. They
must return, or this world has gone on a tangent
whose end is the abyss of eternal darkness.
Right here in Boston there is more of this infidel-
ity among the people, and of this accursed
liberalism among the ministry, which is a pandering
to popular infidelity, than I have seen any-
where else. The venerable and scholarly Dr. C.
so-called, whom you will remember perhaps, read
a paper before the conference a few weeks ago in
which everything was surrendered to the evolu-
tionists. He is so *able, so plausible, and winsome*.
But really as I left, I felt I had been listening to
a skilful and charming lecture on infidelity, given
by a demon, transfigured into an angel of light,
in one of the vestibules of perdition. The ser-
pent who tempted Eve was not more insinuating
nor did he instil any less of the poison of doubt
into her mind than was instilled into the minds
of some ministers on that fateful day. I am
waiting for God to raise up some man who will
smite the evolutionary philosophy on the cheek
bone and bring a recreant church back again to
belief in the precious and indestructible doctrines
of the faith. Sometimes I long for such churches
as I used to know in New Brunswick, where
there is freedom from the everlasting grind that
burdens a minister's life in a place like this. I
wish often I could see again one of those com-
munities where they love the old gospel, and
where a man has a chance at the amplitudes of
God's fair creation.

I expect to baptize a young woman next Sun-
day evening. There were to have been two
others, but like so many hereabouts, where the
miserable heresy prevails that one can be good
enough christian and not join the church, in the
words of Jeremiah, "they came to the birth, but
were not delivered."

Religious News.

Lord's Day, May 29th,
UPPER NEWCASTLE, baptized 6 at Upper New-
castle. Cause much re-
newed. A number of those who have wandered
far have returned. We hope to baptize others in
the near future. M. P. KING.

The First Elgin Baptist
FIRST ELGIN, N. B. church has been now for
about nine months without
a settled pastor. During that time Rev. E. C.
Corey has supplied the pulpit as regularly as
circumstances have permitted. The people seem
now to be very anxious to engage a regular
pastor and no doubt if a duly qualified minister

were desirous of entering upon work here he
would receive a hearty welcome. There was a
large number of young people in our community,
many of whom are not members of this or any
other church, so that there is plenty of oppor-
tunity of doing good. There is a parsonage in
connection with the church. Any person
entering upon the work with energy and devo-
tion will no doubt meet with the usual amount
of difficulty and discouragement, but will find an
appreciative people who will treat him with all
kindness and endeavour to co-operate with him
in his work. We are all desirous of seeing the
position filled as soon as possible.

Elgin, June 6.

J. T. HOBBSMAN.

Dear Brethren: Knowing
UPPER OTTAWOG, that you are always pleased
N. B. to hear reports from any
part of our denominational field and especially
when the good Lord has blessed the labors of
any of his servants, I thought I would send you
a brief report of how our church at Upper Otta-
wog is getting along in the Christian life. I have
been trying to do what I could. The weather
was cold and stormy and not favorable for special
services, but on the opening of spring I felt it to
be my duty for a time to lay aside my daily toils
and enter into the service of the Master. After
consulting with the deacons we thought it ad-
visable to hold some special meetings. We com-
menced in the early part of April, and the Lord
blessed our feeble efforts. It was evident from
the beginning that the field was white and ready
for the harvest. The church has been much
strengthened and encouraged and four young
people made profession of a change of heart and
dedicated their lives to Christ. Rev. E. Neiles
administered the ordinance of baptism to them
and gave the right hand of fellowship as members
of the church. During our labors in those
special services we made twenty-five or more
Christian visits, the Lord blessed our labors which
continued about four weeks, and but for our
home cares and the duty of providing for the
daily wants of my family I should feel like giving
myself up unreservedly to the work of the master.
We ask an interest in the prayers of all those
who have an intercession at the throne of grace
that God will especially care for this branch of
his church.

CHARLES E. JOHNSTON, Licentiate.

We came to this field last
ALMA, N. B. June and were soon comfort-
ably settled among a very
kind people. We found large opportunities for
work. God has blessed us in the gift of souls.
At Waterside and Alma we have been holding
special meetings this month with fair results.
At the former place last Sabbath week I admin-
istered the ordinance of Baptism to two converts
who have come clearly and gladly into the light.
Nine more are under conviction and we are pray-
ing that they too may soon follow the Lord in
his appointed way. Last Sunday I baptized two
happy converts at Pt. Wolfe. Others are under
conviction at that place. At the beginning of
our year here there was a debt of something over
two hundred and fifty dollars resting upon the
Alma church. The church has raised about one
hundred and forty dollars. One hundred of this
has been paid toward the debt. When the
promises of some kind friends are fulfilled our
debt will be cleared. Bro. Vining was with us
in behalf of the Twentieth Century Fund and
received in money and pledges to the amount of
sixty dollars from Alma and forty odd dollars
from Waterside. Many marks of appreciation
and love have gladdened our way, and though
out of season with the thanks I will nevertheless

gratefully acknowledge the sincere and heartfelt
thanks of Mrs. Elliot and myself for the New
Year gift of our handsome fur coats.

RITCHIE ELLIOT, B. A.

We have been holding
NEW MARYLAND, special meetings during the
past week with the New
Maryland Church. On account of the farmers
being busy putting in their crops the attendance
has been small but we have heard the voice of
one in testimony who has been silent for a long
time and on Friday evening one young lady re-
quested prayers that she might become a Chris-
tian. We expect to continue the meetings next
week and trust more will start on the Christian
life. C. W. SABLES.

Notice.

The New Brunswick Southern Association
will meet with the Third Springfield church,
Bellisle Station, King's Co., commencing on
Thursday, July 7th, at 10 a. m. Delegates from
St. John will take I. C. R. morning train to
Norton; thence by Central Railway to Bellisle
Station, arriving about 9.30 a. m. Usual travel-
ing arrangements will be made.

J. H. HUGHES, Moderator.
CHRIS. A. LAUBMAN, Clerk.

Where is Thy Brother?

Sara D. La Fetra.

To the ever open doors of our beneficent Hope
and Help Mission, braving the bleak wind and
weather, there came, one afternoon, a woman
scantly clad, without shawl or wrap of any kind,
carrying on one arm a half-dressed baby and on
the other some half-made portions of ladies'
dresses. She had narrowly escaped the brutal
treatment of her husband, who, crazed and in-
furiated by drink, had threatened her life. The
tenderness of the mother was indicated by the
look on her face as she handed to us her child,
and her worthiness and thrift by the pathetic
manner in which she held on to the goods in-
trusted to her care, by which she might earn the
means to keep herself and her child from starva-
tion. I cannot forget the trustful, cheery face
of that baby, as we gave him his bath, clothed
him in soft, warm garments, and gave him the
food, which he took with such relish and satisfac-
tion. Poor, helpless child! Poor heart-
broken mother! Robbed of love and home and
happiness by the accursed drink!

The man was appropriately sent to the
Government Asylum for the Insane—an institu-
tion which continuously shelters, at public ex-
pense, sixteen hundred or more patience—prob-
ably none of whom are more pitiful than those
sent there through strong drink. And who is
responsible! Can you say, "Not I"?

Oh, Christian voter, sitting in your cushioned
pew, so far removed from temptation and the
ballot-box, in your devotions, do you feel that
the drink curse can never touch you or yours?
If it be true, as the Scripture declares, that "He
that biddeth him God-speed is partaker of his
evil deeds," and if God is infinite in justice, will
He not call to strict account the man who volun-
tarily makes the saloon as legal as the preaching
of the blessed Gospel in his own church?

"Oh, Cain, where is thy brother?" His
blood crieth up from the ground unto thee! and
the pitiful appeal of outraged womanhood and
children, yea, and even worse than widowhood
comes up daily before the throne for vengeance.
God pity us, and grant to this great nation a

Christian Citizenship which will, at the ballot-box, make unlawful this gigantic crime of crimes.

Baptist Union Movement is Becoming World-Wide.

The Baptists and the Free Baptists of Maine are getting ready to unite. Zion's Advocate, the Baptist organ, is strongly in favor of the union, and it claims that the Free Baptists have really become Baptists. In 1887 the question of union came up and the Baptists assembled voted for union and it was thought that the Free Baptists would have had a large majority for union, but delayed action for the sake of the minority.

Southern Baptist, Australia, tells that the Baptists and the "Disciples" are about to unite, in New South Wales. It says: "At the last annual meetings of the Baptist Union of New South Wales a committee was appointed to confer with a committee of representatives of the Churches of Christ, to discuss the possibilities of the union of the two bodies. The proposal was cordially accepted by the annual conference of the Churches of Christ, held last month in Sydney, and a committee of ten of their leading men appointed, so probably the question will soon be discussed in all its bearings. Without doubt the points on which we agree with our brethren are more numerous and vital than those on which we differ and it is our conviction that 'Baptists' and 'Disciples' are gradually drawing nearer to one another. Even if it is discovered that organic unity is not yet possible, a frank, brotherly consideration of the points of agreement and difference will do much to increase and strengthen the unity of the Spirit. In our common fight with rampant evils we cannot afford to view any soldiers of the Cross with suspicion." In the western states by all sections of Baptists this project is being agitated, and discussed.

"God Bless You De. r!"

BY MAY FIELD MCKEAN.

In all the varied realm of thought,
Expressed in language sweet and clear,
No whispered word to me has brought
A warmer glow of love and cheer
Than this: "God bless you, dear!"

"God bless you, dear!"—God who upholds
The universe by word of power,
Whose spirit all our lives enfolds,
Whose mercy rules each passing hour—
"God bless you, dear!"

"God bless you, dear!" There's not a trace,
Of any good beneath the skies
Outside the bounds of that embrace
Whatever be its present guise;
"God bless you, dear!"

"God bless you, dear!" And does He pause
To note each child upon his way?
My heart makes answer: "Yes, because
He loves us both!" and so I pray,
"God bless you dear!"

The Sunshine of Religion.

Our Lord when on earth was not a friend only for dark days. He could stand by the grave of Lazarus and weep with the sorrowing sisters, but he could also be present at the wedding at Cana of Galilee, an honored and welcome guest.

In our deep realization of the solemn mission of our Lord to this sinful world, we are apt to forget that he came as an image and expression and embodiment of the God of Love. The morose Christian is not likely to be bidden to feasts, where his presence is only a gloomy shadow and his countenance as a threatening cloud. We may be sure that even in his holy

purity this was the impression made by him whose "compassions are new every morning." There was sunshine about him, or the mothers would not have thronged around him with their little ones, the despised sufferers would not have looked trustfully to him for help; the out-cast sinner would not have turned to him for pardon.

We seem to fancy that God made our eyes for tears, and that from some other power came their glad twinkle of merriment or their expression of innocent joy in the midst of social converse. Who wreathed the mouth with smiles that answer to smiles? Who made the dimples in the baby's face? Who lit the glad, loving light in his eyes as it begins to be aware of the tender care of its mother? Why will we not remember that joy is as much the gift of God as sorrow, and to be as freely accepted in his presence?
The Churchman.

Married.

MASON-BETHERINGTON.—At Sussex, May 25th, by Rev. W. Camp, George W. Mason of Coles Island, to Edith Betherington of Coles.

YERXA-McDONALD.—At the River View House, Crox Point, York Co., 18th, by the Rev. Geo. Howard, Walden Yerxa of the parish of Bright and Annie McDonald of Temperance Vale, York Co.

McDONALD-YERXA.—At River View House, Crox Point, York Co., May 18th, by the Rev. Geo. Howard, Ernest McDonald of Temperance Vale, York Co., and Sadie Yerxa of the mouth of Keswick, York Co.

GRIGG-McKNIGHT.—At Cambridge Queens Co., on the 20th May, by A. B. McDonald, Ira Austin Grigg to Annie Eliza McKnight, all of Stanholm, K. C.

STEEVES-CROSSMAN.—At the home of Mr. Gilbert Steeves, Petticoat, May 24th, by the Rev. A. A. MacNeil, Stanley Steeves and Amy Crossman, both of Moncton, N. B.

HAYFIELD-CHRISTIE.—At the home of the bride, June 2nd, by Pastor J. M. Parker, Arthur Seaman Hatfield of St. John N. B., to Roberta M. second daughter of A. A. Christie, of River Heroert, N. S.

GOUCHER-BROWN.—At the residence of A. J. Beveridge, Antlover, N. B., June 1st, G. W. Goucher of Rowena, Victoria Co., and Ester Brown of Arthurville.

McLEOD-ROBINSON.—At Penobscot, June 8, by B. H. Noble, Charles E. McLeod and Abel Robinson both of Penobscot.

STEVENS-CRAWFORD.—James Stevens a resident of Manguerville, and Miss Martha Crawford, of Fredericton, were married yesterday by Rev. F. C. Hartley.

GANONG-WHIDDEN.—The marriage of Arthur D. Ganong of Ganong Bros., St. Stephen, and Miss Bertha Frances Whidden, daughter of C. R. Whidden, Calais, editor and Publisher of the Calais Times, was celebrated June 8, at the home of the bride's father, Lafayette street, Rev. A. J. Padelford officiating.

MURRAY-McLEAN.—At the Free Baptist parsonage, Fredericton, on Tuesday evening, Andrew Murray of Greenville Maine, and Miss Mary McLean of Marysville, were united in wedlock by Rev. F. C. Hartley. The young couple left on the six o'clock train for their home in Greenville.

MCGEEHAN-EDNEY.—Hiram McGeehan, a well known resident of Tay Creek and Miss Vera Edney of Nashwaakias, were united in marriage yesterday by Rev. F. C. Hartley at the Free Baptist parsonage in Fredericton.

CLARK-MEISEREAU.—The wedding of L. B. Clark, son of Chas. C. P. R. bridge inspector, and Miss Helen Meisereau, daughter of Taylor Meisereau of Rustagorish, took place at the residence of the bride's parents last week.

DAVIDSON-SMITH.—The Rev. J. H. MacDonald united in wedlock at 6 o'clock last evening Miss Gertrude Smith, the youngest daughter of the late Sanford Smith of Fredericton, and Alexander Davidson, son of Alfred Davidson, the engineer at the Hart Boot and Shoe Factory.

WHITE-FULTON.—Mr. James T. White of White's Point, and Miss Sarah A. Fulton of Fulton Brook, were married at the bride's home on June 8th, at 6 p. m. by Rev. E. T. Miller.

EAGLES-TAYLOR.—At the residence of the bride's father, June 1st, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Frederick H. Eagles and Ina S. Taylor, eldest daughter of Gesner A. Taylor, Esq., both of Salisbury, Westmorland Co.

DICKINSON-MOWBRAY.—At the residence of Moses Dickinson, Springfield, Car. Co., N. B., May 25th, by

Pastor C. N. Barton, Arbel Dickinson of Meductic, N. B., to Annie Mowbray of Benton, N. B.

RECKER-SCHIBNER.—At The Grant, Springfield, N. B., June 7th, by Rev. Wm. M. Field, Gilford W. Recker of Kars and Laura Jane, eldest daughter of George and Rebecca F. Schibner.

Died.

CAIN.—The death of Mrs. Joseph Cain, wife of the proprietor of the Coronation House, Lech Lamond, took place last week. Mrs. Cain had been ill some time, complications following a gripe. A few days ago she came into the home of her sister, Mrs. Walter Armstrong, Brunswick street, where she passed away. Deceased leaves a large number of friends besides her husband, four daughters, five sisters and five brothers. She was a daughter of the late John Marsters Barton, of the Range, Grand Lake, Queens county.

BRANSCOMBE.—At Grand Lake, on the 17th, Mr. Henry Branscombe, aged 77 years. He lived a dandied trusting in the Lord.

BILL.—In Boston, Mass., May 28th, 1904, Susan L. Bill, aged 84 years, 3 months, widow of the late Ingrain E. Bill, D. D., of St. John, N. B.

MORTON.—At Penobscot, May 16th, Michael P. Morton passed into rest at the age of 77 years. The last few years of his life, Mr. Morton has been living with his son, Samuel; but formerly and for many years he live in Mechanic. For the last four or five years Mr. Morton has been in failing health, and was confined most of the time to the house. He was a man highly respected by all who knew him. He died trusting in his Saviour—"Who loved him and gave himself for him," "Asleep in Jesus blessed sleep."

LANGIN.—The death occurred at his home Gasperaux, Queens Co. on Tuesday, May 31st, of Strane L. Langin, an aged and respected citizen. He was in the 82nd year of his age, was very ill for some months, but bore his sufferings with patience and resignation to the will of God. He leaves a widow, one brother and several other relatives to mourn his loss. He was born in Manguerville, Sunbury county, came here when quite a young man and has since resided here. He was a consistent member of the Baptist church.

VAUGHAN.—On May 26th, at St. Martins, N. B., David Vaughan, aged 79 years. Our departed friend was one of the most prominent citizens of St. Martins, and was widely esteemed. For several years past by reason of bodily weakness he has been debarred from participating in public life; but those friends who were privileged to visit his home always found him deeply interested in all that pertained to the temporal and religious welfare of the community. While for a long time in impaired health, it was only within two weeks of the end that he became seriously sick, and his death therefore came as a shock to his family and friends. He was seized with bronchitis and not withstanding the best medical skill and the most careful nursing, the attack proved fatal. Though our dear friend never made a public profession of faith, we had reason to hope that he was trusting in the Saviour. He was much attached to the Baptist church of which he was for many years the treasurer and which he always generously supported. The pastor frequently called upon him and often talked with him on the subject of religion, and his manner at such times showed that he was far from indifferent to sacred things. At the last interview within two days of his death, he eagerly assented when the Pastor enquired if he would like prayer offered, and when asked if he felt himself in the hands of God he frequently answered "yes." As one of the leading men of business in the community he was noted for his integrity. In his home he was greatly beloved. In many ways his removal will be keenly felt. He leaves four children to mourn the loss of an excellent father:—S. E. Vaughan, merchant of St. Martins; Dr. H. P. Vaughan, of New York; Mrs. A. S. White and Mrs. (Dr.) J. H. Ryan of Sussex.

WASHBORN.—Rev. Abel H. Washborn was called to his reward May 7th, and buried May 8th, 1904, at Baker City, Oregon. His beloved wife, "a mother in Israel," eight children, three sons and five daughters, grand children, relatives and friends mourn his loss. Our loss is his very great gain. Mr. Washborn had spent forty-five years in the gospel ministry. In a funeral discourse, Rev. C. H. McKee, acting pastor of the church, spoke in the highest terms of the Christian character of his deceased brother.

SEELYE.—At Turtle Creek, Albert Co., N. B. on the 16th of May, Minnie M. beloved wife of Rev. F. B. Seelye past into rest in the 34th year of her age. About two years since our sister's lungs were affected by congestion and pneumonia which left her in such a condition that she was pronounced beyond cure by the physicians. A surgical operation in the fall failed to improve her condition. Her sufferings increased and grew more and more intense until the last few moments when she fell asleep peacefully in Jesus. Our sister accepted Christ eleven years ago at a revival conducted by Rev. E. M. Saunders and pastor Maider at St. George who baptized her that spring. Her faith was a great source of strength and comfort to her, and she would repeatedly exclaim:—"I could not stand the pain if it were not for Jesus." In her death our sister leaves her foster parents, her husband, three little children and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss. We rejoice that, "they sorrow not as others, without hope." Victoria Co., were united in marriage by B. W. Demings.